POEMS.

BY

JOHN HALL, OF DURHAM.

THE SECOND EDITION.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1646.

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1816.

LIFE

OF

JOHN HALL.

JOHN HALL was born of gentilitial parents in the city of Durham, in August, 1627; and educated with a view to qualify him for one of the Universities, but was prevented from going thither by the eruption of the civil wars. He therefore gave himself up to his studies at home; and made astonishing advances in them, principally by the aid of the Durham library.

After Oxford was reduced by the parliament forces in 1646, he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was put under the tuition of Mr. John Pawson, a fellow of that college; and had not been many months there before there appeared "The first issue," says Wood, "of his

prodigious wit," entitled, *Horæ Vacinæ*, or *Essays with some occasional Considerations. Lond.* 1646, 8vo, with his engraved portrait, aged 19. This was considered such an extraordinary instance of early genius * as to amaze the University and the three nations through which they were circulated.

The same year about new year's time came out his *Poems, Lond.* 1646; and with them *The Second Book of Divine Poems*, 8vo. Both which books were much admired.

After continuing more than a year at Cambridge as commoner and gentleman commoner, he removed to Gray's Inn, where he added to the structure of a most admirable romance, entitled *Lucenia*, which he had begun at Cambridge, but which being lent to a friend was never published.

In 1648, his opinions leaning towards a commonwealth, he sided with the Independents; and wrote *A Satire against Presbytery*, and in 1649 published *An Humble Motion to the Parliament of England concerning the Advancement of Learn-*

* See John Davies's Pref. or Prol. to John Hall's *Translation of Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

ing and Reformation of the Universities, printed at *London* in six sheets *quarto.* In this, taking occasion to court the then rulers, he got a present of money, and a pension of £100 a year from the ruling powers. In that book he would have the Friarlike list of fellows brought to a far less number, and the rest of the revenues of the University sequestrated into the hands of the Committee.

About the same time he wrote *Four Paradoxes,* to which he added *Two more* in 1653, published at London 1653, in 12mo, under the name of *John De La Salle,* by John Davies of Kidwelly.

In 1650, being commanded by the Council of State into Scotland to attend Oliver Cromwell to make such observations on affairs there as might conduce to the settling of the interests of the Commonwealth, he wrote *The Grounds and Reasons of Monarchy,* with an appendix of *An Epitome of the Scottish Affairs,* both printed at Edinburgh, in 4to, and afterwards in London.

About that time he was called to the Bar, and sometimes pleaded. And in 1651 he published *A Gag to Love's Advocates,* &c. in which he

justifies the parliament's proceedings in the execution of Christopher Love, a forward and busy Presbyterian.

His other publications are the following:

1. *A Preface with Remarks* on a book entitled *A true Relation of the unjust, cruel, and barbarous proceedings against the English at Amboyna, in the East Indies, by the Netherlandish Government and the Council there*, which book, though it had been published in the latter end of the reign of King James I. and the second time at London, 1632, in 4to, John Hall thought it necessary to revive at that time, 1651; because of the then differences between the Dutch and English. This book he dedicated to the General Oliver Cromwell, and it was much bought up; whereupon the Dutch ambassador, residing then in Westminster, made a complaint of the book, and demanded punishment on the reviver of it; but the parliament, thinking it a seasonable service done to the public, took no notice of it.

2. *Translation of the Height of Eloquence by Dionysius Longinus. Lond.* 1652, 8vo.

3. *A Letter to a Gentleman in the Country*

concerning, &c. just after the Long Parliament was dissolved, tending to settle the humours of the people in that great emergency.

4. *Answer to the Grand Politic Reformers*, 1653, *fol.*

5. *Translation of Lusus Serius. Lond.* 1654, written in letters by *Mich. Maierus.*

6. *Translation of Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, published after his death by his friend, John Davies, of Kidwelly. *Lond.* 1657, 8vo.

He also wrote other things, as Poems, Translations, and Treatises, which were never published.

At length being overtaken with a disease, which he could never thoroughly shake off, he left London in July, 1655, and returning to Durham, died there on Aug. 1, 1656, having not fully attained his 29th year, and was buried in that city near the grave of his father, who died about a year before, just after his son's arrival there.

"Had not his debauchery and intemperance," adds Wood, "diverted him from the more serious

studies, he had made an extraordinary person, for no man had ever done so great things at his age. So was the opinion of the great philosopher of Malmsbury."—*Wood's Ath.* I. 534.

S. E. B.

June 8, 1816.

POEMS.

BY

JOHN HALL.

Παίζει δε μέτρον τῆς ἀνιας φάρμακον,
Παίδευμα καὶ γλύκασμα τοῖς νέοις.

NAZIANZ.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY ROGER DANIEL, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY,
FOR J. ROTHWELL, AT THE SUN IN PAULS CHURCH YARD.

1646.

TO HIS TRULY NOBLE,

AND WORTHILY HONOURED FRIEND,

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Since it is the hard fortune of these glow-worms to see day, I wish they might have passed your examination; for I know you to be a severe critic in poetry, as well as in philology, and the sciences: but since others' importunities, and mine own pressing occasions have denied it, I must present them loaden with their own blemishes, that being fitter

objects of pardon, they may draw in pardoning, more demonstrations of your candour, and add to my engagements, could they receive augmentation. I will not commit a rape upon your modesty by any praises, though Truth herself might be your panegyrist, and yet continue naked; give me only leave to tell you from mine own experience, that love is more than a mere sympathy: for admiration did first attract my thoughts to you, and after fix them; though it were only your innate sweetness that received them with an undeserved entertainment. Sir, what I was first indebted to you at Durham, I endeavour to acquit in part here at Cambridge; for the total, though it be rather above my ability, than desires, yet should I hate the thought of a general discharge. Let me only beg of you that these cherry-stones may draw from you your own pearls, which cannot but break themselves a day through that darkness to which you now confine them.

Let us once see Fancy triumph in the spoils of the richest learning, there will many, no doubt, press to follow the chariot; yet shall none be more forward than,

Sir,

Your most affectionately

devoted servant,

St. John's, J. HALL.

Jan. 6, 1646.

PREFACE.

JUSTICE itself cannot deny me liberty of speech before sentence, if injustice have not past it already; whether by declining the doom from me as the mere vizard and hand of another, or censuring, more severely, all my life spent in these holidays, and my best flames on such wildfires.

I could never screw my judgment up to that rigour, as suppose those too familiar with poetry, that only courted her by some chaste salutes; 'twere injurious to that Nymph, which will only be wooed by high spirits, and to high spirits in stooping to so inferior an object; thus much I have ever observed, that those that slighted other matrons

and made her their wife, had never the assistance of any portion; and she seldom proved fruitful without co-operation of good seed, and strong influences.

For mine own part, since I am forced to shoot out these blooms, I might justly fear chill winds abroad; but that I hope they will hasten the destruction of such unripe fruit: neither am I solicitous how they savour, for I intend no more, and these I give over as already distasted; let me only say thus much to direct your charity, that a mushroom, though but an excrescency, well dressed, is no poison, but a salad; and dancing, though censured as unbecoming, and perhaps unlawful, is no other but the most regular kind of walking, and that teaches the body a most decent carriage. But such sins as these are venial in youth, especially if expiated with timely abjurement; for follies continued till old age, do aggrandize and become horrid; whereas a seasonable intermission puts them among those pitiable lapses that attend mortality.

For the faults of the press, they may easily be passed over by your candour; some more notorious, which I casually observe in the perusal, be pleased to take notice of.

J. H.

To the young Author upon his incomparable Vein in Satire and Love Sonnets.

YOUNG monster! born with teeth, that thus canst bite
So deep, canst wound all sorts at ten and eight;
Fierce Scythian brat! young Tamerlane! the Gods'
Great scourge! that kickst all men like skulls and clods;
Rough creature! born for terror; whose stern look,
Few strings and muscles mov'd, is a whole book
Of biting satires; who did thee beget?
Or with what pictures was the curtains set?
John of the Wilderness? the hairy child?
The hispid Thisbite? or what Satyr wild,
That thou thus satirisest? Storm of wit,
That fall'st on all thou meetst, and all dost meet!

Singest like lightening the reverend fur
Of ancient sages; mak'st a fearful stir
With my young master and his pedagogue,
And pullst by th' ears the lad's beloved dog;
Then hast thy finger in potatoe pies,
That make the dull grammarian to rise;
Anon advancing thy satiric flail,
Sweepst down the wine glasses and cups of ale;
Nor yet art spent; thy manly rage affords
New coil against young wenches and old words,
'Gainst Jos. and Tycho that slings down the spheres;
Like Will with th' wisp sitst on moist asses' ears;
And now stept in, most quick and dexterous,
Boldly by th' elbow joggst Maurolycus,
Causing him in his curious numberings lose
Himself; tak'st Galileo by the nose;
Another stroke makes the dry bones, (O sin!)
Of lean Geometry rattle in her skin;
New rage transforms thee to a pig, that roots
In Jury-land, or crumps Arabic roots;

Or else made corn-cutter, thou loutest low,
And tak'st old Madam Eva by the toe.
Anon thy officious fancy, at random sent,
Becomes a chamberlain, waits on Wood of Kent,—
Sir, much good do 't you,—then the table throws
Into his mouth his stomach's mouth to close;
Another while the well drench'd smoky Jew,
That stands in his own spaul above the shoe,
She twitcheth by the cloak, and threadbare plush,
Nor beats his moist black beard into a blush!

Mad soul! tyrannic wit! that thus dost scourge
All mortals, and with their own follies urge,
Thou'rt young; therefore, as infant, innocent,
Without regret of conscience all are rent
By the rough knotted whip; but if such blows
Thy younger years can give; when age bestows
Much firmer strength, sure thy satiric rods
May awe the heavens, and discipline the gods!

And now, I ween, we wisely well have shown
What hatred, wrath, and indignation

Can do in thy great parts. How melting love,
That other youthful heat, thou dost improve
With fancies quaint, and gay expressions pat,
More florid than a Lanspresado's hat;
That province to some fresher pens we leave,
Dear lad! and kindly now we take our leave.
Only one word. Sith we so highly raise
Thy watchful wit, take this compendious praise:—
Thy love and wrath seem equal good to me,
For both thy wrath and love right satires be.
Thus may we twitch thee now, young whelp! but when
Thy paws be grown, who'll dare to touch thee then?

H. More, Fell. of Chr. Coll.

To his Friend Mr. J. H. upon his Poems.

May thine own verse, the envy and the glory
Of gowned gentry, still enrich thy story!

Flame out, bright spark! and let them clearly see
What's not impossible for them to be;

Go on, and make the bankrupt world to know
How much to thy judicious pen they owe;

By whose gigantic parts is clearly shewn,
That Nature's womb is not yet feeble grown.

Thy lines pardon the press for all the rhymes,
That have committed been in senseless times,

When Pegasus, made hackney, foundered grows,
Wishing himself turn'd loose to graze in prose.

Will. Dillingham, Fell. Eman.

A Genethliacon to the infant Muse of his dearest Friend.

Dame Nature long projecting how
She might a new-year's gift bestow
Of greatest worth, at length did chuse
To give the world an early Muse;
She felt Perfection in her womb
Struggling to get a larger room,
And could not chuse but give it breath,
Though by procuring her own death.
She would not her full time out tarry,
Lest bringing forth she might miscarry;
Therefore she rather rips her womb,
Thence gives this rich depositum.
Nor need we this Abortive fold
In a lambskin, to keep 't from cold:

We need not cry, 'las! spare it yet;
'Tis an untimely tender wit:
Let Envy spatter what it can,
This *Embryon* will prove a man.
Thus thy luxuriant laurel sprout,
As soon as 't hath its head put out,
O'ertops old standers! Thus thy bays
Vie greenness with thy tender days.

WILL. HARINGTON, Fell. of G. and C. Coll.

To the honoured Author, Mr. Hall, on his Poems.

Dost mean to spoil thyself? Do knotty Arts,
And pale-fac'd Study, fit the silken parts
Of gentlemen? Or canst thou stretch thy ears
To hear the holy accents of the spheres
From their own volumes? Wilt thou let thy hand
Tempt their strange measures in religious sand?
  Summon thy lungs, and with an angry breath
Ravel the curious dust, and throw 't beneath
Thy braver feet; 'tis too, too low: go hence,
And see the spheres with blest intelligence
Moving at tennis; go, and steep thy brain
In fluent nectar; or go vie a strain
In goatish courtship;—that, indeed, were good:
Currently noble. Nothing taints the blood,
Like this base study: hence! ye Arts; be gone
Ye brats; which serious Superstition
Brings to the thread-bare parent! . . .

But thou, brave youth, with prudent skill hast taught
Thy purged ear to hear, yet not be caught
With these fond Syrens. Thy green thoughts may vie
With hoary wisdom: thy clear soul can spy
The mines of knowledge, can as quickly store
Itself, and dive to the retired ore!
Thou, like that eater, whom thy happy song
Shall cause to eat up Time himself, with strong
And sprightly heat, thou canst each art digest
In the vast stomach of thy knowing breast;
And when severer thoughts at length shall please
T' unbend themselves, then with such strains as these
Thou court'st each witty goddess, and dost tie
Thy purer ease in their festivity.

Ηυτοχεδιασε Ja. Windet, M. A. Reginal.

Vati fœlix auspicium.

Sicut multiplices varians Luscinia voces
Fit tandem mortis Præfica læta suæ,
Enthea sic tua sunt modulamina, Die Poeta,
At, quo' funus avi flebile, vita tibi.

R. Marshall, S. I. C.

To his honoured friend, Mr. J. H.

Fruits that arise in haste, do soon,
Once nipp'd by piercing blasts, fall down;
Thy youth such sudden blooms did give,
As may even Scythian frosts survive,
And, maugre tempests, still be seen
Like youthful ivy clad in green.

T. Smithsby, St. J. C. Gent.

To his admired friend, Mr. J. Hall.

WELCOME, bright Sun, into our hemisphere:
Now thou art risen, we all disappear
As smallest sparks. Mount higher yet, and make
All arts, and sciences, thy Zodiac:
I should desire to be thy Mercury,
Could I, though but unseen, keep pace with thee.

EDW. HOLLAND, St. John's Coll. Gent.

To the no less knowing than ingenious Mr. Hall, on his Ignorant Detractors.

Thou need'st no noseless monuments display,
Or ear-cropp'd images: leave that by-way
To those who are contented to be known
By their forefathers' virtues, not their own:
Those who scarce other worth acknowledge will,
Than what each tailor puts into his bill,
Such plumed Estrages, 'tis hard to say
Whether the feathers or the head outweigh:
Thou scorn'st these cheats; thy works purchase thee more,
Than they can swap their heritages for:
A name, I mean, 'mongst those who do advance
Learning as much as they hug ignorance.
Thou wast a Nestor in thine infancy;
Should they live Nestor's years they'd infants die.

Whene'er they learn, what thou canst teach at ten,
The world in charity shall call them men.
Thy *Dwarf* and *Giant* may fit emblems be,
Of what proportion is 'twixt them and thee.
Couldst thou bedwarf thy soul, thou mightst descend,
Perhaps, to please these gallants, and so blend
Words with them now and then, and make a noise
'Bout some gay nothing, or themselves: such toys
Couldst thou like, they would thee; till then expect
Poems from *them* as soon as *not-neglect*.

If they commend one verse which thou hast writ,
That verse shall be 'mongst thy erratas set.

J. Pawson, Fell. of St. John's Coll.

POEMS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

A SATIRE.

PRAY let m' alone, what do you think can I
Be still, while pamphlets thus like hailstones fly
About mine ears? when every other day
Such huge gigantic volumes doth display,
As great Knockfergus' self could hardly bear,
Though he can on his knee th' ale standard rear;
To see such paper tyrants reign, who press
Whole harmless reams to death, which, ne'ertheless,

Are dogg'd by worser fates; tobacco can
Calcine them soon to dust; the dripping-pan
Pack them to th' dunghill; if they groc'ry meet,
They do the office of a winding sheet:
How better were it for you to remain
(Poor quires!) in ancient rags, than thus sustain
Such antic forms of tortures, then to lie
In sweating tubs, and thus unpitied fry:
Y' are common drudges of the world; if 't chance
A pedant mend his shoes, you must advance
To Frankfort mart, and there demurely stand
Cloth'd in old fustian rags, and shake the hand
With every greasy Dutchman, who, perhaps,
Puts ye 'ith' self-same pocket with his scraps;
Or if you into some blind convent fly,
Y' are inquisition'd straight for heresy,
Unless your daring frontispiece can tell
News of a relic, or brave miracle;
Then are you entertain'd, and desk'd up by
Our Lady's psalter and the rosary;

There to remain, till that their wisdoms please
To let you loose among the novices.
But if you light at court, unless you can
Audaciously claw some young nobleman,
Admire the choicest Beauties of the Court,
Abuse the country parson, and make sport,
Chalk out set forms of compliments, and tell
Which fashions on which bodies might do well,
No surer paints my lady, than you shall
Into disgrace irrevocably fall.
But if you melt in oily lines, and swell
With amorous deep expressions, and can tell
Quaint tales of lust, and make Antiquity
A patron of black patches, and deny
That perukes are unlawful, and be-saint
Old Jezabel for showing how to paint,
Then th' art my golden book, then may'st thou lie
Adorn'd with plush or some embroidery
Upon her ladyship's own couch, where ne'er
A book that tastes religion dare appear.

Thus must ye wretched shreds comply, and bend
To every humour, or your constant friend,
The stationer, will never give you room;
Y' are younger brothers, welcomest from home.
Yet to speak truly, 'tis your just deserts
To run such various hazards and such thwarts:
Suppose ye that the world is peopled now
With cockneys or old women, that allow
Canon to every fable; that can soon
Persuade themselves the ass drunk up the moon;
That fairies pinch the peccant maids; that pies
Do ever love to pick at witches' eyes;
That Monsieur Tom Thumb on a pin's point lay;
That *Pictrees* feed the devil nine times a day:
Yet such authentic stories do appear
In no worse garb than folio, and still bear
No meaner badge than Aristotle's name,
Or else descent from reverend Pliny claim.
One in a humour gives great Homer th' lie,
And pleases to annihilate poor Troy;

Another scourges Virgil, 'cause 'tis said
His fiction is not in due order laid:
This will create a monster; this will raise
A ne'er found mountain; this will pour out seas;
This great Camillus to a reckoning calls
For giving so much money to the Gauls;
This counts how much the state of Egypt made
Of frogs that in the slimes of Nilus laid:
We'll not digest these gudgeons; th' world is now
At age, if 't do not towards dotage grow.
That starch'd out beard that sits in th' Porph'ry chair,
And but for's crown's light-headed, cannot err,
Barthius has read all books, Jos. Scaliger
Proportion'd lately the diameter
Unto the circle Galileo's found,
Though not drunk, thinking that the earth ran round;
Tycho has tumbled down the orbs, and now
Fine tenuous air doth in their places grow;
Maurolycus at length has cast it even,
How many pulses' journey 'tis to heaven.

A world of such knacks know we; think ye, then,
Sooner to peep out than be kick'd from men;
Whether ye gallop in light rhymes, or chose
Gently to amble in a Yorkshire prose;
Whether ye bring some indigested news
From Spanish surgeons, or Italian stews;
Whether ye fiercely raise some false alarm,
And in a rage the Janizaries arm;
Whether ye reinforce old times, and con
What kind of stuff Adam's first suit was on;
Whether Eve's toes had corns; or whether he
Did cut his beard spadewise or like a T:
Such brokage as is this will never do 't,
We must have matter and good words to boot;
And yet how seldom meet they? most our rhymes
Rally in tunes, but speak no sense like chimes:
Grave deep discourses full as ragged be
As are their author's doublets; you'll not see
A word creep in, that cannot quickly shew
A genealogy to th' ark of Noah.

Or at the least pleads not prescription
From that great cradle of confusion.
What pamphlet is there, where some Arabic
Scours not the coast? from whence you may not pick
Some Chinese character or mystic spell,
Whereon the critics for an age may dwell;
Where there's some sentence to be understood,
As hard to find as where old Athens stood:
Why do we live, why do our pulses beat,
To spend our bravest flames, our noblest heat,
On such poor trifles? to enlarge the day
By gloomy lamps; yet for no other prey
Than a moth-eaten radix, or to know
The fashion of Deucalion's mother's shoe.
It will not quit the cost, that men should spend
Themselves, time, money, to no other end;
That people should with such a deal of pains
Buy knowing nothing, and wisemen's disdains.
But to prevent this, the more politic sort
Of parents will to handicrafts resort:

If they observe their children do produce
Some flashings of a mounting genius,
Then must they with all diligence invade
Some rising calling, or some gainful trade;
But if it chance they have one leaden soul
Born for to number eggs, he must to school;
Especiall' if some patron will engage
Th' advowson of a neighbouring vicarage.
Strange hedly medly! who would make his swine
Turn greyhounds, or hunt foxes with his kine?
Who would employ his saddle nag to come,
And hold a trencher in the dining room?
Who would engage Sir James, that knows not what
His cassock's made of, in affairs of state?
Or pluck a Richelieu from the helm to try
Conclusions to still children when they cry?
Who would employ a country schoolmaster
To construe to his boys some new found star?
Poor leaden creatures! yet shap'd up to rule
Perpetual dictators in a school;

Nor do you want your rods, though only fed
With scraps of Tully and coarse barley bread;
Great threadbare princes, which like chess-kings, brave,
No longer than your masters give you leave,
Whose large dominions in some brew-house lies,
Asses commands o'er you, you over boys;
Who still possess the lodgings next the leads,
And cheat your ladies of their waiting maids;
Who, if some lowly carriage do befriend,
May grace the table at the lower end,
Upon condition that ye fairly rise
At the first entrance of th' potatoe pies,
And while his lordship for discourse doth call
You do not let one dram of Latin fall;
But tell how bravely your young master swears,
Which dogs best like his fancy, and what ears;
How much he undervalues learning, and
Takes pleasure in a sparrow-hawk well mann'd;
How oft he beats his foot-boy, and will dare
To gallop when no serving man is near;

How he blackberries from the bushes caught,
When antidoted with a morning's draught;
How rather than he'll construe Greek, he'll choose
To English Ovid's Art into prose:
Such talk is for his lordship's palate, he
Takes much delight in such like trumpery;
But still remember, ye forbear to press
Unseasonably some moral sentences;
Take heed, by all means, how rough Seneca
Sally into your talk; that man, they say,
Rails against drinking healths, and merits hate,
As sure as Ornis mocked a graduate.
What a grand ornament our gentry would
Soon lose, if every rug-gown might be bold
To rail at such heroic feats? pray who
Could honour's Mistress health, if this did grow
Once out of fashion? 'las, fine idols! they,
E'er since poor Cheapside cross in rubbage lay,
E'er since the play-houses did want their prease,
And players lay asleep like dormouses,

Have suffered, too, too much: be not so sour
With tender beauties, they had once some power;
Take that away, what do you leave them? what?
To marshal fancies in a youngster's hat.
And well so too, since feathers were cashier'd
The ribbands have been to some office rear'd;
'Tis hard to meet a Lanspresado, where
Some ells of favours do not straight appear
Plastered and daubed o'er, and garnished,
As feathers on a southern hackney's head,
Which, if but tied together, might at least
Trace Alexander's conquests o'er the East;
Or, stitch'd into a web, supply anew
With annuary cloaks the wandering Jew.
So learned an age we live in, all are now
Turn'd Poets, since their heads with fancies glow.
'Las! Poets? yes: O bear me witness all
Short winded ballads, or whate'er may fall
Within the verge of three half-quarters, say,
Produce we not more poems in a day

(By this account) than waves on waves do break,
Or country justices false English speak?
Suppose Dame Julia's messet thinks it meet
To droop or hold up one of 'ts hinder feet,
What swarms of sonnets rise? how every wit
Capers on such an accident, to fit
Words to her fairship's grief? but if by fate
Some long presumptuous slit do boldly grate
Don Hugo's doublet, there's a stir as though
Nile should his ancient limits overflow;
Or some curst treason would blow up the state,
As sure as gamesters use to lie too late.
But if some fortune cog them into love,
In what a fifteenth sphere then do they move!
Not the least tittle of a word is set,
That is not flank'd with a stout epithet.
What rocks of diamonds presently arise
In the soft quagmires of two squinting eyes!
How teeth discoloured and half rotten be
Transformed into pearl or ivory!

How every word's chang'd at a finest note,
And Indian gums are planted in her throat!
Speak in good earnest: are they not worse than boys
Of four years old, to doat on painted toys?
Yet O how frequent! most our sages shake
Off their old furs, and needs will laurels take,
That it will be no wonder to rehearse
The crabb'dst of geometry in verse;
Or from the dust of knotty Suarez see
A strange production of some poetry:
But stay, too lavish Muse! where run you? Stay!
Take heed your tongue bite not your ears away;
Besides, y' have other business, and you might
More fitly far with tears than gall indite.

UPON T. R.

A VERY LITTLE MAN, BUT EXCELLENTLY LEARNED.

MAKES Nature maps? since that in thee
She 's drawn an university;
Or strives she in so small a piece
To sum the arts and sciences?
Once she writ only text-hand, when
She scribbled giants and no men:
But now in her decrepid years
She dashes dwarfs in characters,
And makes one single farthing bear
The creed, commandments, and Lord's prayer.
Would she turn Art, and imitate
Monte-regio's flying gnat?
Would she the Golden Legend shut
Within the cloister of a nut;

Or else a musket bullet rear
Into a vast and mighty sphere?
Or pen an eagle in the caul
Of a slender nightingale;
Or shew, she pigmies can create
Not too little but too great?
How comes it that she thus converts
So small a totum and great parts?
Strives she now to turn awry
The quick scent of philosophy?
How, so little matter can
So monstrous big a form contain;
What shall we call (it would be known)
This giant and this dwarf in one?
His age is blabb'd by silver hairs,
His limbs still cry out want of years;
So small a body in a cage
May chuse a spacious hermitage;
So great a soul doth fret and fume
At th' narrow world for want of room.

Strange conjunction! here is grown
A molehill and the Alps in one;
In th' selfsame action we may call
Nature both thrift and prodigal.

A SEA DIALOGUE.

PALURUS.

My Antinetta, though thou be
More white than foam wherewith a wave,
Broke in his wrath, besmears the sea,
Yet art thou harder than this cave.

ANTINETTA.

Though thou be fairer than the light,
Which doubting pilots only mind,
That they may steer their course aright,
Yet art thou lighter than the wind.

PALURUS.

And shall I not be chang'd? when thou
Hast fraught Medorus with thy heart;
And as along the sands we go
To gather shells, dost take his part?

ANTINETTA.

What! shall not I congeal to see
Doris, the ballast of thine arms,
(Which have so oft encompassed me)
Now pinion'd by her faithless charms?

PALURUS.

What if I henceforth shall disdain
The golden tressed Doris love,
And Antinetta serve again,
And in that service constant prove?

ANTINETTA.

Though mighty Neptune cannot stand
Before Medorus, and thou be

Restless as whirlpools, false as sand,
Yet will I live and die with thee.

PALURUS.

Nay, live, and lest one single death
Should rack thee, take this life of mine.

ANTINETTA.

Thou but exchanged with that breath
Thy Antinetta's soul for thine.

CHORUS.

How powerful 's love! which, like a flame
That sever'd, reunites more close;
Or like a broken limb in frame,
That ever after firmer grows.

UPON THE KING'S GREAT PORTER.

Sir, or great grandsire, whose vast bulk may be
A burying place for all your pedigree;
Thou moving Coloss, for whose goodly face
The Rhine can hardly make a looking glass:
What piles of victuals had thou need to chew,
Ten woods or marrets throats were not enough.
Dwarf was he, whose wife's bracelet fit his thumb;
It would not on thy little finger come:
If Jove in getting Hercules spent three
Nights, he might spend fifteen in getting thee:
What name or title suits thy greatness, thou,
Aldiboronifuscophonio?
When giants warred with Jove, hadst thou been one,
Where others oaks, thou would'st have mountains
thrown;

Wer'st thou but sick, what help could e'er be wrought,
Unless physicians posted down thy throat;
Were thou to die, and Xerxes living, he
Would not pare Athos for to cover thee;
Were thou t' embalm, the surgeons needs must scale
Thy body, as when labourers dig a whale.
Great Sir! a people kneaded up in one!
We'll weigh thee by ship burdens, not by th' stone.
What tempests mightst thou raise, what whirlwinds when
Thou breath'st, thou great Leviathan of men!
Bend but thine eye, a countryman would swear
A regiment of Spaniards quartered there:
Smooth but thy brow, they'll say there were a plain
T' act York and Lancaster once o'er again!
That pocket pistol of the queen's might be
Thy pocket pistol, sans hyperbole;
Abstain from garrisons, since thou may eat
The Turk's or Mogul's titles at a bit:

Plant some new land, which ne'er will empty be,
If she enjoy her savages in thee:
Get from amongst us, since we only can
Appear like skulls march'd o'er by Tamerlane.

A BURNING GLASS.

Strange chymistry! can dust and sand produce
So pure a body and diaphonous?
Strange kind of courtship! that the amorous sun
T' embrace a mineral twists his rays in one.
Talk of the heavens mock'd by a sphere, alas!
The sun itself 's here in a piece of glass.
Let magnets drag base iron, this alone
Can to her icy bosom win the sun;
Witches may cheat us of his light awhile,
But this can him even of himself beguile:

In heaven he staggers to both tropics, here
He keeps fix'd residence all times of th' year;
Here's a perpetual solstice, here he lies,
Not on a bed of water, but of ice:
How well by this himself abridge, he might
Redeem the Scythians from their ling'ring night?
Well by this glassy proxy might he roll
Beyond th' ecliptic, and warm either pole;
Had but Prometheus been so wise, h' had ne'er
Scaled heaven to light his torch, but lighted here;
Had Archimedes once but known this use,
H' had burnt Marcellus from proud Syracuse;
Had Vesta's maids of honour this but seen,
Their Lady's fire had ne'er extinguish'd been;
Hell's engines might have finish'd their design
Of powder (but that heaven did countermine)
Had they but thought of this; th' Egyptians may
Well hatch their eggs without the midwife clay;
Why do not puling lovers this devise
For a fit emblem of their mistress' eyes?

They call them diamonds, and say th' have been
Reduced by them to ashes all within;
But they'll assum 't, and ever hence 'twill pass,
A mistress' eye is but love's burning glass.

THE CALL.

Romira, stay,
And run not thus like a young roe away;
No enemy
Pursues thee (foolish girl!) 'tis only I:
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'll be pleas'd to garrison mine arms;
What dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor? may these roses here
To paleness shred,
And lilies stand disguised in new red,

If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou would'st not gladly stay.
See, see, the Sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run;
Come sit but here,
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere:
So, still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long;
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have love martyrs been;
Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats thou would repose;
Here mayst thou shame
The rusty violets, with the crimson flame
Of either cheek,
And primroses white as thy fingers seek;
Nay, thou may'st prove
That man's most noble passion is to love.

AN EUNUCH.

THOU neuter gender! whom a gown
Can make a woman, breeches none;
Created one thing, made another,
Not a sister, scarce a brother;
Jack of both sides, that may bear
Or a distaff or a spear;
If thy fortunes thither call,
Be the Grand Signior's general;
Or if thou fancy not that trade,
Turn the sultana's chamber-maid;
A medal, where grim Mars turned right,
Proves a smiling aphrodite;
How doth Nature quibble, either
He, or she, boy, girl, or neither;
Thou may serve great Jove instead
Of Hebe both and Ganymede:

A face both stern and mild, cheeks bare,
That still do only promise hair;
Old Cybele, the first in all
This human predicamental scale,
Why would she choose her priests to be
Such individuals as ye?
Such insectas, added on
To creatures by subtraction,
In whom Nature claims no part,
Yet only being words of art.

THE LURE.

1.

Farewell! Nay, prithee turn again;
Rather than lose thee I'll arraign
Myself before thee! thou (most fair!) shall be

Thyself the judge:
I'll never grudge
A law ordained by thee.

2.

Pray do but see how every rose
A sanguine visage doth disclose;
O! see what aromatic gusts they breathe;
Come, here we'll sit,
And learn to knit
Them up into a wreath.

3.

With that wreath crowned shalt thou be;
Not graced by it, but it by thee;
Then shall the fawning zephyrs wait to hear
What thou shalt say,
And softly play,
While news to me they bear.

4.

See how they revelling appear
Within the windings of thy hair,
See how they steal the choicest odours from
The balmy spring,
That they may bring
Them to thee, when they come.

5.

Look how the daffodils arise,
Cheer'd by the influence of thine eyes,
And others emulating them deny;
They cannot strain
To bloom again,
Where such strong beams do fly.

6.

Be not ungrateful, but lie down,
Since for thy sake so brisk they're grown,
And such a downy carpet have bespread,

That pure delight
Is freshly dight,
And trick'd in white and red.

7.

Be conquer'd by such charms, there shall
Not always such enticements fall;
What know we, whether that rich spring of light
Will staunch his streams
Of golden beams,
Ere the approach of night.

8.

How know we whether 't shall not be
The last to either thee or me?
He can at will his ancient brightness gain;
But thou and I,
When we shall die,
Shall still in dust remain.

9.

Come, prithee come, we'll now essay
To piece the scant'ness of the day,
We'll pluck the wheels from th' chariot of the sun,
That he may give
Us time to live,
Till that our scene be done.

10.

W' are in the blossom of our age,
Let us dance o'er, not tread the stage;
Though fear and sorrow strive to pull us back,
And still present
Doubts of content,
They shall not make us slack.

11.

We'll suffer viperous thoughts and cares
To follow after silver hairs;
Let's not anticipate them long before,

When they begin
To enter in,
Each minute they'll grow more.

12.

No, no, Romira, see this brook,
How 't would its posting course revoke,
Ere it shall in the ocean mingled lie;
And what, I pray,
May cause this stay,
But to attest our joy.

13.

Far be 't from lust; such wildfire ne'er
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;
Diviner flames shall in our fancies roll,
Which do n't depress
To earthliness,
But elevate the soul.

14.

Then shall aggrandis'd love confess
That souls can mingle substances,
That hearts can eas'ly counter-changed be,
Or at the least
Can alter breasts,
When breasts themselves agree.

THE MORNING STAR.

Still herald of the morn, whose ray
Being page and usher to the day,
Doth mourn behind the sun, before him play;
Who sets a golden signal, ere
The bat retire, the lark appear,
The early cocks cry comfort, screech owls fear.

Who wink'st while lovers plight their troth,
Then falls asleep, while they are loth
To part without a more engaging oath:
Steal in a message to the eyes
Of Julia, tell her that she lies
Too long, thy lord the sun will quickly rise.

Yet is it midnight still with me,
Nay worse, unless that kinder she
Smile day, and in my zenith seated be.
But if she will obliquely run,
I needs a calenture must shun,
And like an Ethiopian hate my sun.

PLATONIC LOVE.

Come, dearest Julia! thou and I
Will knit us in so strict a tie,

As shall with greater pow'r engage
Than feeble charms of marriage:
We will be friends, our thoughts shall go,
Without impeachment, to and fro;
The same desires shall elevate
Our mingled souls, the selfsame hate
Shall cause aversion, we will bear
One sympathising hope and fear,
And for to move more close, we'll frame
Our triumphs and our tears the same;
Yet will we ne'er so grossly dare,
As our ignobler selves shall share;
Let men desire, like those above
Unmatter'd forms, we'll only love,
And teach the ruder world to shame,
When heat increaseth to a flame.
Love 's like a landscape, which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand;
Or like a fire, which from afar
Doth gently warm, consumes when near.

TO THE DEFORMED X. R.

As scriveners sometime delight to see
Their basest writing, Nature has in thee
Essay'd how much she can transgress at once
Apelles' draughts, Durer's proportions;
And for to make a jest and try a wit,
Has not (a woman) in thy forehead writ,
But scribbled so, and gone so far about,
Indagine would never smell thee out,
But might exclaim, here only riddles be,
And Heteroclites in physiognomy.
But as the mystic Hebrew backward lies,
And algebra 's guess'd by absurdities,
So must we spell thee; for who would suppose
That globous piece of wainscot were a nose;
That crook'd *et cæteras* were wrinkles, and
Five Naper's bones, glued to a wrist, an hand?

Egyptian antiquaries might survey
Here hieroglyphics Time hath worn away,
And wonder at an English face more odd
And antic, than was e'er a Memphian god;
Eras'd with more strange letters than might scare
A raw and inexperienced conjurer;
And tawny Afric blush to see her fry
Of monsters in one skin so kennell'd lie:
Thou may'st without a guard her deserts pass,
When savages but look upon thy face.
Were but some Pict now living, he would soon
Deem thee a fragment of his nation;
And wiser Ethiopians infer
From thee, that sable 's not the only fair.
Thou privative of beauty, whose one eye
Doth question metaphysic verity;
Whose many cross aspects may prove anon,
Foulness more than a mere negation:
Blast one place still, and never dare t' escape
Abroad out of thy mother Darkness' lap,

Lest that thou make the world afraid, and be
Even hated by thy nurse—Deformity.

JULIA WEEPING.

1.

FAIREST, when thy eyes did pour
A crystal shower,
I was persuaded that some stone
Had liquid grown;
And, thus amazed, sure, thought I,
When stones are moist, some rain is nigh.

2.

Why weep'st thou? 'cause thou cannot be
More hard to me?
So lionesses pity, so
Do tygers too;

So doth that bird, which when she's fed
On all the man, pines o'er the head.

3.

Yet I'll make better omens, till
Event beguile;
Those pearly drops in time shall be
A precious sea;
And thou shall like thy coral prove,
Soft under water, hard above.

To my honoured Noble Friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq. on his Poems.

Who would commend thee, friend! and thinks 't may be
Performed by a faint hyperbole,
Might also call thee but a man, or dare
To praise thy mistress with the term of fair.

But I, the choicest of whose knowledge is
My knowing thee, cannot so grossly miss.
Since thou art set so high, no words can give
An equal character, but negative.
Subtract the earth and baseness of this age,
Admit no wildfire in poetic rage,
Cast out of learning whatsoever's vain,
Let ignorance no more haunt noblemen,
Nor humour travellers, let wits be free
From over-weening, and the rest is thee.

The noble soul! whose early flights are far
Sublimer than old eagles soaring are,
Who light'st love's dying torch with purer fire,
And breath'st new life into the Teian lyre,
That love's best secretaries that are past,
Liv'd they, might learn to love, and yet be chaste.
Nay, vestals might as well such sonnets hear,
As keep their vows and thy black riband wear;
So chaste is all, that though in each line lie
More amorettoes than in Doris' eye,

Yet so they're charm'd, that look'd upon they prove
Harmless as Chariessa's nightly love.
So powerful is that tongue, that hand, that can
Make soft Ionics turn grave Lydian.
How oft this heavy leaden Saturnine,
And never elevated soul of mine,
Hath been pluck'd up by thee, and fore'd away,
Enlarged from her still adhering clay!
How every line still pleas'd! when that was o'er
I cancell'd it, and prais'd the other more;
That if thou writ'st but on, my thoughts shall be
Almost ingulf'd in an infinity.

But, dearest friend, what law's power ever gave
To make one's own free first-born babe his slave?
Nay, manumise it; for what else wilt be
To strangle, but deny it liberty?
Once lend the world a day of thine, and fright
The trembling still-born children of the night.
That at the last, we undeceiv'd may see
Theirs were but fancies, thine is poetry.

Sweet swan of silver Thames! but only she
Sings not till death, thou in thy infancy.

TO MR. S. S.

As he obtains such an enchanted skin,
That bullets cast aright could ne'er get in;
Even so thou, Monsieur, tempered hast thy name,
That to dispraise thee most is yet no shame;
To curse is to befriend, who, like a Jew,
Art both a vagabond and monied too;
Who feed'st on Hebrew roots, and, like a tare,
Unbid, unwelcome, thrivest every where;
Who mak'st all letters by thy guttural,
And brings the conjugations to Kall;
Who though thou live by grammar rules, we see
Thou break'st all canons of morality;

And as far as that threadbare cloak of thine
Is out of fashion, dost from man decline;
And com'st as near a wit, as doth a rat
Match in procerity Mount Ararat;
And art as fit to be a brewer's punk,
As Sumerburn is valiant when he's drunk.

THE CRYSTAL.

This crystal here
That shines so clear,
And carries in its womb a little day;
Once hammer'd will appear
Impure as dust, as dark as clay.

Even such will prove
Thy face, my love!

When age shall soil the lustre of thine eyes,
And all that red remove
That on thy spicy lip now lies:

Nor can a hand
Again command,
By any art, these ruins into frame,
But they will sever'd stand,
And ne'er compose the former same.

Such is the case,
Love! of thy face,
Both desperate, in this you disagree—
Thy beauty needs must pass;
It, of itself, will constant be.

A RAPTURE.

Come, Julia, come! let's once disbody what
Strait matter ties to this and not to that;
We'll disengage; our bloodless form shall fly
Beyond the reach of earth, where ne'er an eye,
That peeps through spectacles of flesh, shall know
Where we intend, or what we mean to do.
From all contagion of the flesh remov'd,
We'll sit in judgment on those pairs that lov'd
In old and latter times; then will we tear
Their chaplets that did act by slavish fear,
Who cherish'd causeless griefs, and did deny
Cupid's prerogative by doubt or sigh;
But they that mov'd by confidence, and clos'd
In one refining flame, and never los'd
Their thoughts on earth, but bravely did aspire
Unto their proper element of fire,

To these we'll judge that happiness, to be
The witnesses of our felicity.
Thus we'll like angels move, nor will we bind
In words the copious language of our mind,
Such as we know not to conceive, much less,
Without destroying in their birth, express:
Thus will we live, and, 't may be cast, an eye
How far Elysium doth beneath us lie;
What need we care though milky currents run
Among the silken meadows, though the sun
Doth still preserve by 's ever waking ray
A never discontinued spring or day;
That sun, though all his heat be to it brought,
Cannot exhale thy vapour of a thought.

No, no, my goddess! yet will thou and I
Divested of all flesh so folded lie,
That ne'er a bodied nothing shall perceive
How we unite, how we together cleave;
Nor think this, while our feathered minutes may
Fall under measure, time itself can stay

T' attend on pleasures, for what else would be
But tedious durance in eternity.

TO MR. STANLEY,

AFTER HIS RETURN FROM FRANCE.

Bewitched senses, do you lie,
And cast some shadow o'er mine eye;
Or do I noble Stanley see?
What! may I trust you? Is it he?
Confess, and yet be gradual,
Lest sudden joy so heavy fall
Upon my soul, and sink unto
A deeper agony of woe:
'Tis he! 'tis he! we are no more
A barb'rous nation: he brought o'er
As much humanity as may
Well civilize America;

More learning than might Athens raise
To glory in her proudest days.
With reason might the boiling main
Be calm, and hoary Neptune chain
Those winds that might disturbers be,
Whilst our Apollo was at sea;
And made her for all knowledge stand
In competition with the land:
Had but the courteous dolphins heard
One note of his, they would have dar'd
To quit the waters to enjoy
In banishment such melody;
And had the mimic Proteus known,
He'd left his ugly herd, and grown
A curious Syren, to betray
This young Ulysses to some stay;
But juster fates denied, nor would
Another land that genius hold,
As could, beyond all wonder hurl'd,
Fathom the intellectual world.

But whither run I? I intend
To welcome only, not commend;
But that thy virtues render it
No private, but a public debt.

AN EPICUREAN ODE.

Since that this thing we call the world,
By chance on atoms is begot,
Which though in daily motions hurl'd,
Yet weary not;
How doth it prove,
Thou art so fair, and I in love?

Since that the soul doth only lie
Immers'd in matter, chain'd in sense,

How can, Romira, thou and I
With both dispense?
And thus ascend
In higher flights than wings can lend.

Since man 's but pasted up of earth,
And ne'er was cradled in the skies,
What *terra lemnia* gave thee birth?
What diamond eyes?
Or thou alone,
To tell what others were, came down?

ON M. W. THE GREAT EATER.

Sir, much good do 't ye; were your table but
Pie-crust or cheese, you might your stomach shut
After your slice of beef; what, dare you try
Your force on an ell square of pudding pie?

Perhaps 't may be a taste; three such as you
Unbreakfasted might starve Seraglio.
When Hannibal scal'd th' Alps, hadst thou been there,
Thy beef had drunk up all his vinegar.
Well might'st thou be of guard to Henry th' eight,
Since thou canst, like a pigeon, eat thy weight.
Full wise was nature, that would not bestow
These tusks of thine into a double row.
What womb could ere contain thee? thou canst shut
A pond or aviary in a gut.
Had not thy mother borne thee toothless, thou
Hadst eaten viper-like a passage through.
Had he that wish'd the crane's long neck to eat,
Put in thy stomach too 't had been complete.
Thou Noah's ark, Dead Sea, thou Golgotha,
Monster, beyond all them of Africa!
Beasts prey on beasts, fishes to fishes fall;
Great birds feed on the lesser, thou on all.

Hath there been no mistake—Why may 't not be,
When Curtius leap'd the gulph, 'twas into thee?
Now we'll believe that man of Chica could
Make pills of arrows, and the boy that would
Chew only stones; nor can we think it vain,
That Baranetho eat up th' neighbouring plain.
Poor Erisicthon, that could only feast
On one poor girl in several dishes drest,
Thou hast devour'd as many sheep as may
Clothe all the pasture in Arcadia.
Yet, O how temperate! that ne'er goes on
So far as to approach repletion.
Thou breathing cauldron! whose digestive heat
Might boil the whole provision of the fleet;
Say grace as long as meals, and, if thou please,
Breakfast with islands, and drink healths with seas!

THE ANTIPATHY.

A PASTORAL.

TETRICEZZA.

Sooner the olive shall provoke
To amorous clasps this sturdy oak,
And doves in league with eagles be,
Ere I will glance a smile on thee.

AMELIUS.

Sooner yon dustish mulberry
In her old white shall clothed be,
And lizards with fierce asps combine,
Ere I will twist my soul with thine.

TETRICEZZA.

Yet art thou in my judgment far
Fairer than a rising star,

And might deserve e'en Dian's love,
But shalt not Tetricezza move.

AMELIUS.

And thou art sweeter than the down
Of damask roses yet unblown,
And Phœbus might thy bridegroom be,
Yet shalt thou never conquer me.

TETRICEZZA.

Why meet we, then, when either's mind
Or comes compell'd, or stays behind?

AMELIUS.

Just as two boughs together tied,
Let loose again do stand more wide.

SONG.

Distil not poison in mine ears,
Aërial Syrens! nor untie

These sable fetters: yonder spheres
  Dance to a silent harmony.

Could I but follow where you lead,
  Disrob'd of earth and plum'd by air,
Then I my tenuous self might spread,
  As quick as fancy every where.

But I'll make sallies now and then:
  Thus can my unconfined eye
Take journey and return again;
  Yet on her crystal couch still lie.

HOME TRAVEL.

What need I travel, since I may
More choicer wonders here survey?
What need I Tyre for purple seek,
When I may find it in a cheek?

Or sack the Eastern shores? there lies
More precious diamonds in her eyes.
What need I dig Peru for ore,
When every hair of her yields more?
Or toil for gums in India,
Since she can breathe more rich than they?
Or ransack Africa? there will be
On either hand more ivory.
But look within: all virtues that
Each nation would appropriate,
And with the glory of them rest,
Are in this map at large exprest;
That who would travel here might know
The little world in folio.

UPON SAMUEL WARD, D. D.

THE LADY MARGARET'S PROFESSOR IN CAMBRIDGE.

Were 't not peculiar to weep for thee,
The world might put on mourning, and yet be

Below just grief: Stupendous man! who told
By vast endowments that she grew not old.
But thine own hands have rais'd a monument
Far greater than thyself, which shall be spent
When error conquers truth, and time shall be
No more, but swallow'd by eternity;
But when shall sullen darkness fly away,
And thine own ectype, Brownrigg, give it day!
Or when shall ravish'd Europe understand,
How much she lost by thee, and by it gain'd!
How well thou guardest truth! How swift to close
With whatsoever champion durst oppose!
Bear witness, Dort, when error could produce
The strength of reason and Arminius,
How did he loose their knots, how break their snares,
How meet their minings, how pluck up their tares!
How did his calmer voice speak thunder! How
His soft affections holy fury grow!
That had but hell and tyrants any room,
There wanted nothing of a martyrdom.

But Providence said no, and did consent
That oil of time should not be spilt, but spent;
Nay, as the greatest flame doth ever fly
From failing lamps, should'st in most glory die;
And as the phœnix when she doth prepare
To be her own both murderer and heir,
Makes richest spice her tomb and cradle be,
To quit and reassume mortality,
Even so thou (Seraph!) spent thy minutes all,
In preparation for thy funeral,
And rais'd so great a pile, death could aspire
No greater honour than to put to fire;
That thus the flame might lend us light below,
But the sweet breathing smoke still upward go.

TO THE PRECIOUS MEMORY OF

MASTER WILLIAM FENNER.

How brittle 's wretched man! No sooner death
Seals up his eyes, and stops his panting breath,

But th' hungry grave devours him, and he must
Return again unto his mother dust;
So frail a thing he is, so doth he pass,
That nothing can remain but that he was.
But thou, triumphant soul! art elevate
By thy vast merits 'bove the common fate;
Those sacred pearls thyself digg'd from among
Thy fiery thoughts, and polish'd with thy tongue,
By thee a second life, that times to come
May say that Rochford had a Chrysostom,
Whose life, told out in minutes, seem'd to be
Nothing but one continued homily;
So even was thy conscience, such a flame
Rais'd thy affections, that thou soon became
Too good for earth; so waking was thy breast,
That Night could never grant a truce to rest;
But now thou rest'st for ever drunk with joys,
That never spend, yet ever new arise.
Yet let thy name still breathe new odours, and
'Mong those angelic spirits numb'red stand,

While we below stand gazing up, and see
Th' hast chang'd thy room, but not thy company.

ON A GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE,

WHO DIED BOTH WITHIN A VERY FEW DAYS.

THRICE happy pair! who had and have,
Living, one bed, now dead one grave;
Whose love being equal, neither could
A life unequal wish to hold,
But left a question whether one
Did follow, 'cause her mate was gone,
Or th' other went before to stay,
Till that his fellow came away;
So that one pious tear now must
Besprinkle either parent's dust,
And two great sorrows jointly run,
And close into a larger one,

Or rather turn to joy, to see
The burial but the wedding be.

OF BEAUTY.

1.

What do I here! what's beauty? 'las,
How doth it pass!
As flowers, as soon as smelled at,
Evaporate,
Even so this shadow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

2.

What's colour? 'las! the sullen Night
Can it affright:
A rose can more vermilion speak,
Than any cheek;
A richer white on lilies stands,
Than any hands.

3.

Then what 's that worth, when any flower
Is worth far more ?
How constant 's that, which needs must die,
When day doth fly ?
Glow-worms can lend some petty light
To gloomy Night.

4.

And what 's proportion ? we descry
That in a fly.
And what 's a lip ? 'tis in the test,
Red clay at best.
And what 's an eye ? an eaglet's are
More strong by far.

5.

Who can that specious nothing heed,
Which flies exceed ?

Who would his frequent kisses lay
On painted clay?
Wh'ould not, if eyes affection move,
Young eaglets love?

6.

Is Beauty thus? then who would lie
Love-sick and die?
And 's wretched self annihilate,
For knows not what?
And with such sweat and care invade
A very shade?

7.

Even he, that knows not to possess
True happiness,
But has some strong desires to try
What 's misery,
And longs for tears; oh! he will prove
One fit for love.

THE EPITOME.

1.

As in a cave,
Where darkness justles out the day,
But yet doth give
Some small admission to one feeble ray,
Some of all species do distinctly play.

2.

Just even thou,
Whom wonder hath not fully clear'd,
Thyself dost shew,
That in thy little chaos all's enspher'd,
And though abridg'd, yet in full greatness rear'd.

ARMILLA NIGRA.

Atrati Proceres, quos tam divina coercet
Copula, cæruleo nunc exæquata Georgi
Garterio, atque olim longe anteferenda, nec ulla
Interitura die, si quid præsagia vatum,
Si quid mollis amor valet, O dignissima cœlo
Pectora, sic vestris fælicia facta ruinis,
Et flammis majora, novo succrescite honori,
Et durate diu, donec sese ultimus optet
Censeri numero Scytha, et ambitiosior Indus
Gestiat armilla vestra fulgere, relictis
Torquibus, et teneræ vultu constante puellæ
Militiam subeant talem, cupiantque teneri
His manicis, et virgineas dediscere flammas,
Vestalique cadat Reverentia debita vittæ.

At tu, Sol juvenum, soli cessure Maroni
Propter mille annos, vatum decus, ardue cunctæ
Inscitiæ Domitor, quem felix Anglia jactat

Et Galli stupuere, tuis en talia surgunt
Auspiciis, tu tam grandis præludia facti
Ordiris, tantasque jubes viviscere curas,
Hinc summus tibi surgit honos, hinc gloria quæ non
Aut cadet, aut vult temporibus metirier ullis,
At cum se fragilis mundi ruitura resolvet
Machina, et armillis fælicia brachia deerunt,
Ipsa polo sese infinuet, candentibus astris
Accedens nova flamma, altæ vicina Coronæ.

TO MR. STANLEY.

STARS in their rising little shew,
And send forth trembling flames; but thou
At first appearance dost display
A bright and unobscured day;
Such as shall fear no night, nor shall
Thy setting be *Heliacall,*

But grow up to a sun, and take
A laurel for thy Zodiac;
That all which henceforth shall arise,
May only be thy Parely's.

ON DR. BAMBRIGG, MASTER OF CHRIST'S.

Were but this marble vocal, there
Such an elogium would appear,
As might, though truth did dictate, move
Distrust in either Faith or Love;
As ample knowledge as could rest
Enshrined in a mortal's breast,
Which ne'ertheless did open lie,
Uncovered by humility;
A heart, which piety had chose
To be her altar, whence arose
Such smoking sacrifices, that
We here can only wonder at;

A honey tongue, that could dispense
Torrents of sacred eloquence,
And yet how far inferior stand
Unto a learned curious hand?
That 'tis no wonder, if this stone,
Because it cannot speak, doth groan;
For could mortality assent,
These ashes might prove eloquent.

UPON MR. ROBERT WISEMAN,

SON TO SIR RICHARD WISEMAN, ESSEX.

But that we weigh our happiness by thine,
We could not, precious Soul! from tears decline,
Although the Muses' silver stream would be
Too poor by far to drop an elegy;
But that's below thee; since thy virtues are
The spices that embalm thee, thou art far

More richly laid, and shalt more long remain
Still mummified within the hearts of men,
Than if to list thee in the rolls of Fame
Each marble spoke thy shape, all brass thy name.
Sleep, sacred ashes! that did once contain
This jewel, and shalt once, and e'er, again
Sleep undisturb'd: Envy can only raise
Herself at living, Hate grasp lower preys;
We'll not deflower you; let us only pry
What treasures in ye did involved lie,
So young, so learned, and so wise; O, here's
Example, Wisdom's not the child of years.
So rich, and yet so pious! O, 'tis well
Devotion is not coffin'd in a cell,
Nor chok'd by wealth; wealth hated, harmless proves,
And only knows to mischief him that loves.
So fair, and yet so chaste! Lust is not ever
Youth's constant sorceress, but doth sometime sever
To look on moral virtues; there'll appear
The courtier twisted with th' philosopher

Nor were they on spruce apophthegms spent,
Begot 'twixt Idleness and Discontent,
But acted to the life and unconstrain'd,
The Sisters sweetly walking hand in hand,
And so entirely twisted that alone
None could be view'd, all were together one;
As twinkling spangles, that together lie,
Join forces, and make up one galaxy;
As various gums, dissolving in one fire,
Together in one fragrant fume expire.
Sleep, then, triumphant Soul! thy funerals
For admiration, and not mourning, calls.

JOHANNI ARROWSMYTHIO,

COLL. STI. JOH. PRÆFECTO.

Divina Syren, cygne cælestis, tuba
Evangelizans, nectaris flumen meri,
Jubar salutis, præco fæderis novi,
Jam sic redisti! teque in amplexus pios

Iterum dedisti! murmure ut vario fremit
Togata pubes, gaudia exprimens nova,
Quod patre tanto jam beatur, quod nutrit
Sol tam refulgens, et coquit messes suas.
Sic sæpe redeas, te licet retrahant tuæ
Lac gestientes uberis mamillæ oves,
Et te senatus flagitet, cujus cluit
Pars magna; nostros sed fovere palmites
Desiste nunquam, vinitor dignissime,
Donec racemis pullulent usquam novis;
Duc hos tenellos in scientiæ abdita,
Et esto morum dulcium felix faber.

TO HIS TUTOR, MASTER PAWSON.

AN ODE.

1.

Come, come away,
And snatch me from these shades to purer day.
Though Nature lie
Reserv'd, she cannot 'scape thy piercing eye.

I'll in her bosom stand,
Led by thy cunning hand,
And plainly see
Her treasury;
Though all my light be but a glimpse of thine,
Yet with that light, I will o'erlook
Her hardly open'd book,
Which to aread is easy, to understand divine.

2.

Come, let us run
And give the world a girdle with the sun;
For so we shall
Take a full view of this enamelled ball,
Both where it may be seen
Clad in a constant green,
And where it lies
Crusted with ice;
Where 't swells with mountains, and shrinks down
to vales;

Where it permits the usurping sea
To rove with liberty,
And where it pants with drought, and of all liquor fails.

3.

And as we go,
We'll mind these atoms that crawl to and fro:
There may we see
One both be soldier and artillery;
Another whose defence
Is only innocence;
One swift as wind,
Or flying hind,
Another slow as is a mounting stone;
Some that love earth, some scorn to dwell
Upon 't, but seem to tell
Those that deny there is a heaven, they know of one.

4.

Nor all this while
Shall there escape us e'er a braving pile,
Nor ruin, that
Wastes what it has, to tell its former state.
Yet shall we ne'er descry
Where bounds of kingdoms lie,
But see them gone
As flights new flown,
And lose themselves in their own breadth, just as
Circlings upon the water, one
Grows great to be undone;
Or as lines in the sand, which as they're drawn do
pass.

5.

But objects here
Cloy in the very taste; O, let us tear
A passage through
That fleeting vault above; there may we know

Some rosy brethren stray
To a set battalia,
And others scout
Still round about,
Fix'd in their courses, and uncertain too;
But clammy doth deny
A clear discovery,
Which those, that are inhabitants, may solely know.

6.

Then let's away,
And journey thither: what should cause our stay?
We'll not be hurl'd
Asleep by drowsy potions of the world.
Let not Wealth tutor out
Our spirits with her gout,
Nor Anger pull
With cramps the soul;
But fairly disengag'd we'll upward fly,

Till that occurring joy affright
Even with its very weight,
And point the haven where we may securely lie.

TO AN OLD WIFE TALKING TO HIM.

PEACE, beldam ugly! thou'lt not find
M' ears bottles for enchanted wind;
That breath of thine can only raise
New storms, and discompose the seas.
It may (assisted by the clatter)
A Pigmæan army scatter;
Or move, without the smallest stream,
Loretto's chapel once again,
And blow St. Goodrick, while he prays,
And knows not what it is he says,
And helps false Latin with a hem
From Finckly to Jerusalem;

Or in th' Pacific sea supply
The wind, that Nature doth deny.
What dost thou think, I can retain
All this and sprout it out again,
As a surcharged whale doth spew
Old rivers to receive in new?
Thou art deceiv'd: even Æol's cave
That can all other blasts receive,
Would be too small to let in thine;
How, then, the narrow ears of mine?
Defect of organs may me cause
By chance to pillorize an ass;
Yet, should I shake his ears, they'd be,
Though long, too strait to hearken thee.
Yet if thou hast a mind to hear
How high thy voice's merits are,
Attend the Cham, and when he's din'd
Skreek princes leave that have a mind;
Or serve the States, thou'lt useful come,
And have the pay of every drum;

Or trudge to Utrecht, there outrun
Dame Skurman's score of tongues, with one.
But pray be still; O, now I fear,
There may be torments for the ear!
O, let me, when I chance to die,
In Vulcan's anvil buried lie,
Rather than hear thy tongue once knell,—
That Tom a Lincoln and Bow bell!

THE RECANTATION.

Now sound I a retreat; now I'll no more
Run all those devious paths I ran before;
I will no more range sullen groves, to lie
Entombed in a shade; nor basely fly
The dear society of light, to give
My thoughts their birth in darkness; I'll not live
Such deaths again: such dampy mists no more
Shall dare to draw an ugly screen before

My clearer fancy; I'll not deify
A failing beauty; idolize an eye.
Farewell, farewell, poor joys! let not my hearse
Bear witness I was never mad in verse,
Or play'd the fool in wit; no, I'll not have
Such themes increase the mourning at my grave.
Such thoughts I loathe, and cannot now resent;
Who ever gloried in his excrement?
Now I will rase those characters I wrote
So fairly from myself, now will I not
Suffer that pyramid, Love rais'd within
My soul, to stand the witness of her sin;
Nor will I ravish Nature to dispose
A violated and profaned rose
Upon a varnish'd cheek, nor lilies fear
Into a jaundice, to be set where ne'er
White was discover'd; no—Stay, I'll no more
Add new guilt to the old repented for,
To name a sin 's to sin; nor dare to break
Jests of my vices on another's back,

But with some searching humours festered lie
A renegado to all Poetry.
And must we now shake hands, dear madness, now,
After so long acquaintance? Did I vow
To sacrifice unto thee, what was brought,
As surplusage of a severer thought,
And break my word? Yes, from this very day
My fancy only shall on Marchpan play;
Now I'll turn politician, and see
How useful onions are in drapery,
Feast dunces that miscall the Arts, and dance
With all the world a galliard Ignorance.

FINIS.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

DIVINE POEMS.

BY J. H.

Sæpe quidem in galea nidos fecere Columbæ.

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1647.

DIVINE POEMS

A DITHYRAMB.

Still creeping, still degenerous soul,
On earth so wallowing still in mire?
Still to the centre dost thou roll,
When up to heaven thou should'st aspire?
Did not thy jailer flesh deny
The freedom for to feed thine own insatiate eye:
How might thou let it surfeit here
On choicest glories! How it might
Thick flowing globes of splendour bear,
And triumph in its native light!
How 't would hereafter sleep disdain!
The glorious sun of righteousness uprise again;

O, who so stupid that would not
Resolve to atoms, for to play
'Mong the golden streamers he shall shoot,
While he prolongs one endless day!
How small three evenings' darkness be,
Compared once with measureless eternity!
See how the joyous clouds make way,
And put a ruddy brightness on,
How they their silken fleeces lay
For him to mount to heaven upon,
Where he may in full glory shine,
Whose presence made, before, a heaven of Palestine.
That lovely brow, that was before
Drown'd in a flood of crimson sweat,
Is now with brightness gilded o'er,
And all with burnish'd flames beset!
Him, whom his drowsy sons did leave
Sleepless, aërial legions triumph to receive!
This innocent columbine, he
That was the mark of rage before,

O cannot now admired be,
But still admired, still needs more;
Who would not stand amaz'd to see
Frail flesh become the garment of divinity!
Appear no more, proud Olivet,
In tawny olives; from this time
Be all with purple vines beset;
The sprig of Jesse from thee did climb
Up to the skies, and spread those boughs
Whereon life's grapes, those Paradisean clusters grows.
Why stare you, curious gazers, so?
No eye can reach his journey's end;
He'll pierce the rolling concave through,
And that expanded fabric rend;
Then he's at home: he was before
A pilgrim, while he footed this round nothing o'er.
If then his nimble feet could make
A pavement of the quivering stream,
And cause those powerful spirits quake.

That fear not any thing but him;
Now can and will he turn to joys
Your fears, and or disarm or turn your enemies.
He is not lost, though wafted hence,
He's with you (darlings of his love!)
He's the supreme intelligence,
That all the little orbs will move;
He is the head: it cannot be
Members can perish, where there's such a head as he.
A head compos'd of majesty,
Were 't not by mercy all possess'd,
From which such charming glances fly,
As striking vengeance can arrest,
From which such powerful frowns arise,
As can strike palsies in the earth, and head-ache in the skies.
What did you think, he could remain
Disguis'd in such an inch of land,
That convex cannot him contain,
Though spun out by his own right hand?

What did you think, that though he lay
Interr'd awhile, the earth might swallow such a prey?
That very dying did restore
Banish'd life to rotting men;
And fetch'd back breath, that fled before,
Into their nostrils once again;
That very death gave life to all,
And t' all mankind recovery of their Father's fall.
Suppose ye that the fatal tree,
That happiest worst of punishments,
Did punish such a sinless he;
Or shame him, that was excellence?
No, no, the crime doth ever state
The punishment, and He sin could not act, but hate.
Thought ye that stream did flow in vain,
That issued from his open'd side?
Your souls were foul, yet every stain
By these pure drops were purified;

He was, he, freely prodigal
To spend all 's blood for some, when some might
have sav'd all.
Hark! hark! what melody, what choice
Of sweetest airs, of charming sounds!
Heaven seems all turn'd into a voice!
Hear what loud shrieking joy rebounds!
The very winds now whistle joy,
And make Hosannas of the former crucify!

THE ERMINE.

The Ermine rather chose to die
A martyr of its purity,
Than that one uncouth soil should stain
Its hitherto preserved skin;
And thus resolv'd she thinks it good
To write her whiteness in her blood.

But I had rather die, than e'er
Continue from my foulness clear;
Nay, I suppose by that I live,
That only doth destruction give:
Madman I am, I turn mine eye
On every side, but what doth lie
Within, I can no better find,
Than if I ever had been blind.
Is this the reason thou dost claim
Thy sole prerogative, to frame
Engines against thyself? O, fly
Thyself as greatest enemy,
And think thou sometimes life will get
By a secure contemning it.

The Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all.—JUDE 14, 15.

I HEAR and tremble! Lord, what shall I do
T' avoid thy anger? whither shall I go?

What, shall I scale the mountains? 'las! they be
Far less than atoms if compar'd with thee.
What, shall I strive to get myself a tomb
Within the greedy ocean's swelling womb?
Shall I dive into rocks? Where shall I fly
The sure discovery of thy piercing eye?
Alas! I know not; though with many a tear
In Hell they moan thy absence, thou art there;
Thou art on earth, and well observest all
The actions acted on this massy ball;
And when thou look'st on mine, what can I say?
I dare not stand, nor can I run away.
Thine eyes are pure, and cannot look upon
(And what else, Lord, am I?) corruption.
Thou hatest sins; and if thou once begin
To cast me in the scales, I all am sin.
Thou still continuest one, O Lord; I range
In various forms of crimes, and love my change.
Lord, thou that mad'st me, bid'st I should present
My heart unto thee; O, see how 'tis rent

By various monsters; see how fastly held,
How stubbornly they do deny to yield.
How shall I stand, when that thou shalt be hurl'd
On clouds, in robes of fire to judge the world,
Usher'd with golden legions, in thine eye
Carrying an all-enraged majesty,
That shall the earth into a palsy stroke,
And make the clouds sigh out themselves in smoke?
How can I stand? Yes, Lord, I may; although
Thou beest the judge, thou art a party too;
Thou sufferest for these faults, for which thou shall
Arraign me, Lord; thou sufferest for them all;
They are not mine at all, these wounds of thine,
That on thy glorious side so brightly shine,
Seal'd me a pardon; in those wounds th' are hid,
And in that side of thine th' are buried.
Lord, smile again upon us; with what grace
Doth mercy sit enthroniz'd on thy face!
How did that scarlet sweat become thee, when
That sweat did wash away the filth of men!

How did those peevish thorns adorn thy brow?
Each thorn more richly than a gem did glow!
Yet by those thorns (Lord, how thy love abounds!)
Are we, poor worms, made capable of crowns.
Come so to judgment, Lord! th' Apostles shall
No more into their drowsy slumber fall,
But stand and hearken how the judge shall say,
Come, come, my lambs, to joy! Come, come away!

Quo egressus Isaac ad meditandum in agro, &c.—GEN. xxiv. 63.

JUVENIS beate, magne tot regum parens,
Fæcunde tot patrum pater,
Tot nationum origo, tot vatum fides,
Tot Antesignane heroum,
Sicne is in agros jam renidentes novis
Et aureis florum stolis?
Sic, sic recessum quæris? et turbam fugis?
Sic totus in teipsum redis?

Ut nullus oculus sancta spectet otia,
    Nulla auris insidias locet.
Dum tu (suäve!) pectus effundis tuum
    In cælici patris sinum,
Dum cor sacratis æstuans amoribus
    Ebullit impletum Deo,
Dum lachrymarum gemmeæ scatebræ ruunt,
    Per molle vernantes genas,
Dum misceatur dulce Planctuum melos
    Ardentibus suspiriis,
Dum dum (invidenda solitudo!) mens suis
    Jam libere è gyaris meat,
Linquensque terras, templa perrumpit poli,
    Se luce perfundens novâ;
Sic ipse vivam, sic mihi occulti dies
    O effluant, solus siem,
Sic me præhendat luce palpitans novâ
    Præco diei Phosphorus,
Sic me præhendat luce candens ultimâ,
    Et noctis index Hesperus:

Non ipse curem vana vulgi murmura,
Non irritos rumusculos,
Sim mi' beatus! Nympha cælestis meum
Non abnuat consortium.
Divinus illo flammat in vultu pudor,
Divina stat modestia;
Hinc hinc, pudica pallidas umbras amat
Et antra Musca vivida,
Ubi me loquelis melleis, suadâ merâ,
Formosa mulceat dea,
Ubi in me inundans nectaris torrens fluat,
Ex ore prosiliens sacra,
Quantum hæc voluptas! quanta! quanta gaudia!
Quis non? quis invideat mihi?
Dum sic edaces exulant curæ, nigra
Fugiunt doloris agmina,
Dum mî voluptas, ipsa per se amabilis
Nullisque ficta officiis,
Mî mille Veneres mille mostret Gratias
Mî mille dat Cupidines,

Sic mî juventæ blanda marcescat rosa,
O sic senecta palleat.
Sic sic nivales vestiant cani caput,
Sic hora fugiat ultima;
Non ipse vanas horream mortis minas,
Sed tela sustineam libens;
Securus illuc evolare, quò mea
Semper perennem gaudia,
Redintegrare Pæanas possim novos
Inter triumphantium greges;
O mî appropinquet sic dies novissimus
Natalis adveniet mihi.

ON AN HOUR-GLASS.

My life is measur'd by this glass, this glass
By all those little sands that thorough pass.
See how they press, see how they strive, which shall
With greatest speed and greatest quickness fall.

See how they raise a little mount, and then
With their own weight do level it again.
But when th' have all got thorough, they give o'er
Their nimble sliding down, and move no more.
Just such is man, whose hours still forward run,
Being almost finish'd ere they are begun;
So perfect nothings, such light blasts are we,
That ere we're ought at all, we cease to be.
Do what we will, our hasty minutes fly,
And while we sleep, what do we else but die?
How transient are our joys, how short their day!
They creep on towards us, but fly away.
How stinging are our sorrows! where they gain
But the least footing, there they will remain.
How groundless are our hopes, how they deceive
Our childish thoughts, and only sorrow leave!
How real are our fears! they blast us still,
Still rend us, still with gnawing passions fill;
How senseless are our wishes, yet how great!
With what toil we pursue them, with what sweat!

Yet most times for our hurts, so small we see,
Like children crying for some Mercury.
This gapes for marriage, yet his fickle head
Knows not what cares wait on a marriage bed:
This vows virginity, yet knows not what
Loneness, grief, discontent, attends that state.
Desires of wealth another's wishes hold,
And yet how many have been choak'd with gold?
This only hunts for honour, yet who shall
Ascend the higher, shall more wretched fall.
This thirsts for knowledge, yet how is it bought?
With many a sleepless night, and racking thought.
This needs will travel, yet how dangers lay
Most secret ambuscados in the way?
These triumph in their beauty, though it shall
Like a pluck'd rose or fading lily fall.
Another boasts strong arms: 'las! giants have
By silly dwarfs been dragg'd unto their grave.
These ruffle in rich silk: though ne'er so gay,
A well-plum'd peacock is more gay than they.

Poor man! what art? A tennis-ball of error,
A ship of glass toss'd in a sea of terror;
Issuing in blood and sorrow from the womb,
Crawling in tears and mourning to the tomb:
How slippery are thy paths! How sure thy fall!
How art thou nothing, when th'art most of all!

AN ODE.

1.

Descend, O Lord,
Into this gloomy heart of mine,
And once afford
A glimpse of that great light of thine!
The sun doth never here
To shine on basest dunghills once forbear.

2.

What though I be
Nothing but high corruption?

Let me have Thee,
And at thy presence 'twill be gone.
Darkness dare never stand
In competition, while the sun's at hand.

3.

And though my sins
Be an unnumber'd number, yet
When thou begins
To look on Christ, do then forget
I helped to cause his grief:
If so, Lord, from it grant me some relief!

4.

All thou demands
Is that small piece of me, my heart;
Lo, here it stands
Thine wholly; I'll reserve no part;
Let the three corners be,
(Since nought else can) fill'd with one triple
Thee.

5.

Set up a throne;
Admit no rival of thy power;
Be thou alone
(I'll only fear thee) Emperour;
And though thy limits may
Seem small, Heaven only is as large as they.

6.

And if by chance
The old oft-conquer'd enemy
New stirs advance,
Look but upon him, and he'll fly:
The smallest check of thine
Will do't; so cannot all the power that's mine.

7.

Thy kingdom is
More than ten thousand worlds, each heart
A province is;
Keep residence in mine, 'tis part

Of those huge realms; I'll be
Thy slave, and by this means gain liberty.

8.

Such as all earth
Ne'er could so much as fancy yet,
Nor can give birth
To thoughts enough to fathom it.
No, no, nor can blest I,
When I enjoy it, know what I enjoy.

9.

Then give me this
I ask for; though I know not what,
O Lord! it is:
But what's of greatest price, give that;
Or plainly bold to be
In begging—Lord, I pray thee give me Thee!

HYMNUS.

Ut se perpetuo rotat
Æther, quàm fluidis ruit
Semper pendulis orbibus,
Quàm dulces variat vices!
Nunc seræ tenebræ ruunt,
Nunc lucis jubar aureum,
Nunc flores Zephyri erigunt
Languentes Aquilonibus;
Jam jam vellera nubium
Quiddam cæruleum rubent,
Jam quid cæruleum albicant;
Jam flammam croceam evomit
Phœbus, sed modo debilem:
Jam molles abigit nives,
Flores parturiens novos,
Jam se proripit, et gelu

Sistit non rapidas aquas.
Tu cuncta hæc peragis, Deus;
Te clamant, Deus, omnia
Fecisti ex nihilo, et modo
Servas ne in nihilum ruant.
Si tu contineas manum,
Labescant simul omnia;
Tellus, non animalibus
Præbens hospitium suis,
Sordebit nimiis aquis;
Ipsum nec mare noverit
Fluctus sistere fervidos,
Turbabuntur et omnia,
Ni tu cuncta manu poti,
Tu cuncta officio tenes.

SELF.

1.

Traitor Self, why do I try
Thee, my bitterest enemy?
What can I bear,
Alas! more dear,
Than is this centre of myself, my heart?
Yet all those trains that blow me up lie there,
Hid in so small a part.

2.

How many backbones nourish'd have
Crawling serpents in the grave!
I am alive,
Yet life do give
To myriads of adders in my breast,
Which do not there consume, but grow and thrive,
And undisturbed rest.

3.

Still gnawing where they first were bred,
Consuming where they're nourished,
Endeavouring still
Even him to kill
That gives them life and loses of his bliss
To entertain them: that tyrannic ill
So radicated is.

4.

Most fatal men! What can we have
To trust? our bosoms will deceive:
The clearest thought,
To witness brought,
Will speak against us, and condemn us too;
Yea, and they all are known. O, how we ought
To sift them through!

5.

Yet what's our diligence? even all
Those sands to number that do fall

Chas'd by the wind:
Nay, we may find
A mighty difference; who would suppose
This little thing so fruitful were and blind
As its own ruin shows?

ANTEROS.

Frown on me, shades! and let not day
Swell in a needle-pointed ray
To make discoveries! wrap me here
In folds of night, and do not fear
The sun's approach: so shall I find
A greater light possess my mind.
O, do not (children of the spring!)
Hither your charming odours bring,
Nor with your painted smiles devise
To captivate my wandering eyes;
Th' have stray'd too much, but now begin
Wholly t' employ themselves within.

What do I now on earth? O, why
Do not these members upward fly,
And force a room among the stars,
And there my greaten'd self disperse
As wide as thought? What do I here,
Spread on soft down of roses? There
That spangled curtain, which so wide
Dilates its lustre, shall me hide.
Mount up, low thoughts, and see what sweet
Reposance heaven can beget:
Could ye the least compliance frame,
How should I, all become one flame,
And melt in purest fires! O, how
My warmed heart would sweetly glow,
And waste those dregs of earth that stay
Glued to it; then it might away,
And still ascend, till that it stood
Within the centre of all good;
There press'd, not overwhelm'd, with joys,
Under its burthen fresh arise;

There might it lose itself, and then
With losing find itself again;
There might it triumph, and yet be
Still in a blest captivity.
There might it—O, why do I speak,
Whose humble thoughts are far too weak
To apprehend small notions? Nay,
Angels are nonplus'd, though the day
Breaks clearer on them, and they run
In apogees more near the sun.
But, oh! what pulls me? How I shall
In the least moment headlong fall;
Now I'm on earth again not dight,
As formerly in springing light,
The self-same objects please, that I
Did even now, as base, deny.
Now what a powerful influence
Has beauty on my slavish sense:
How rob I Nature, that I may
Her wealth upon my cheek display!

How doth the giant Honour seem
Well statur'd in my fond esteem;
And gold, that bane of men, I call
Not poisonous now, but cordial:
Since that the world's great eye, the sun,
Has not disdain'd to make 't his own.
Now every passion sways, and I
Tamely admit their tyranny;
Only with numerous sighings say,
The basest thing is breathing clay.
  But sure these vapours will not e'er
Draw curtains o'er my hemisphere.
Let it clear up, and welcome day
Its lustre once again display.
Thou (O, my sun!) awhile may'st lie
As intercepted from mine eye,
But Love shall fright those clouds, and thou
Into my purged eyes shalt flow,
Which (melted by my inward fires,
Which shall be blown by strong desires)

Consuming into tears, shall feel
Each tear into a pearl congeal,
And every pearl shall be a stem
In my celestial diadem.

A HYMN.

Thou mighty subject of my humble song,
Whom every thing speaks, though it cannot speak,
Whom all things echo, though without a tongue,
And int' expressions of thy glory break;

Who out of nothing this vast fabric brought,
And still preserv'st it, lest it fall again,
And be reduc'd into its ancient nought,
But may its vigour primitive retain;

Who out of atoms shap'd thine image, man,
And all to crown him with supremacy

Over his fellow-creatures; nay, and then
Didst in him raise a flame that cannot die;

Whose purer fire should animate that dross
That renders him but equal to the beast,
And make him, though materiate and gross,
Not less than those that in no bodies rest;

Nay, Lord above them, they did first of all
Turn renegadoes to thy majesty,
And in their ruin did involve his fall,
That caused him under thy displeasure lie.

There did he lose his snowy innocence,
His undepraved will; then did he fall
Down from the tower of knowledge, nay, from thence
Dated the loss of his heaven, thee, and all.

So wert thou pleas'd to let thy anger lay
Clouds of displeasure 'twixt poor man and thee,

That Mercy might send forth a milky ray,
To tell, that ne'ertheless thou would'st agree.

Though man in sinning still new guilt should add,
It never could expunge thy patience;
Thine, who not ever any passion had,
But can forgive, as well as see offence.

Yet though our hearts petrificated were,
And all our blood curdled to ruddy ice,
Yet caused'st thou thy law be graven there,
And set a guardian o'er 't, that never dies.

But we eras'd that sculpture: then thou wrote
In tables what thou hadst in stone before;
Yet were we not unto obedience brought,
But rather slackened our performance more.

Dead to all goodness, and engulf'd in sin,
Benumbed by our own corruptions,

That we were only drown'd, not rendered clean,
By th' streams that covered all the earth at once.

Wandering without the least ability
To tread, or eyes to see our safest way,
While fiery vengeance at our heels did fly,
Ready to strike when thou the word should'st say.

Yet didst thou disappoint her: thy son's blood
Supplied our want of oceans of tears.

The Author thought fit this should not perish, though other occasions suffer him only to present it in the habit of a fragment.

What profiteth a man of all his labour, which he taketh under the sun?—ECCLESIASTES, i. 2.

1.

EVEN as the wandering traveller doth stray,
Led from his way

By a false fire, whose flame to cheated sight
Doth lead aright,
All paths are footed over, but that one
Which should be gone;
Even so my foolish wishes are in chase
Of every thing, but what they should embrace.

2.

We laugh at children, that can when they please
A bubble raise,
And, when their fond ambition sated is,
Again dismiss
The fleeting toy into its former air:
What do we here,
But act such tricks? Yet thus we differ: they
Destroy, so do not we; we sweat, they play.

3.

Ambition's towerings do some gallants keep
From calmer sleep;

Yet when their thoughts the most possessed are,
They grope but air;
And when they're highest, in an instant fade
Into a shade;
Or like a stone, that more forc'd upwards, shall
With greater violence to its centre fall.

4.

Another, whose conceptions only dream
Monsters of fame,
The vain applause of other madmen buys
With his own sighs;
Yet his enlarged name shall never crawl
Over this ball,
But soon consume; thus doth a trumpet's sound
Rush bravely on a little, then 's not found.

5.

But we as soon may tell how often shapes
Are chang'd by apes,

As know how oft man's childish thoughts do vary,
And still miscarry.
So a weak eye in twilight thinks it sees
New species,
While it sees nought; so men in dreams conceive,
Of sceptics, till that waking undeceive.

AN EPITAPH.

When that my days are spent, (nor do
I know
Whether the sun will e'er immise
Light to mine eyes,)
Methinks a pious tear needs must
Offer some violence to my dust.

Dust ravell'd in the air will fly
Up high;

Mingled with water 'twill retire
Into the mire:
Why should my ashes not be free,
When Nature gave them liberty?

But when I go, I must them leave
In grave.
No floods can make my marble so,
As moist to grow.
Then spare your labour, since your dew
Cannot from ashes flowers renew.

A PASTORAL HYMN.

Happy choristers of air,
Who by your nimble flight draw near
His throne, whose wondrous story,
And unconfined glory

Your notes still carol, whom your sound,
And whom your plumy pipes rebound.

Yet to the lazy snails no less
The greatness of our Lord confess,
    And those whom weight hath chain'd,
    And to the earth restrain'd,
Their ruder voices do as well,
Yea, and the speechless fishes tell.

Great Lord, from whom each tree receives,
Then pays again, as rent, his leaves;
    Thou dost in purple set
    The rose and violet,
And giv'st the sickly lily white;
Yet in them all thy name dost write.

AN ODE.

1.

LORD, send thine hand
Unto my rescue, or I shall
Into mine own ambushments fall,
Which ready stand
To d' execution, all
Lay'd by self-love, O, what
Love of ourselves is that,
That breeds such uproars in our better state!

2.

I think I pass
A meadow gilt with crimson showers
Of the most rich and beauteous flowers;
Yet thou, alas!
Espi'st what under lowers;

Taste them, they're poison; lay
Thyself to rest, there stray
Whole knots of snakes that solely wait for prey.

3.

To dream of flight
Is more than madness: there will be
Either some strong necessity,
Or else delight,
To chain us, would we flee.
Thus do I wandering go,
And cannot poisons know,
From wholesome simples that beside them grow.

4.

Blind that I am,
That do not see before mine eyes
These gazing dangers, that arise
Ever the same,
Or in varieties

Far worse, how shall I 'scape?
Or whither shall I leap?
Or with what comfort solace my hard hap?

5.

Thou who alone
Canst give assistance, send me aid,
Else shall I in those depths be laid
And quickly thrown,
Whereof I am afraid:
Thou who canst stop the sea
In her mid rage, stop me;
Lest from myself my own self ruin be.

FINIS.

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